

Welcome, Little Stranger.

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR-OLD.

Mozart bought a baby,

"Little tiny sing—

"I'll never put him

"From my rubber ring,

"And he's awful ugly?"

"Just come down from Heaven!"

"That's a fib, I know."

Doubt told me it lie;

"None ain't out of joint—

"Pain ain't out of joint—

"Mammies up in eyebrows—

"Gives he makes her sick?"

"It can't, right quick,

"Cuddle him and sing;

"Call him 'Bressed sing—

"Got a bit of spring—

"Send me off with Hilda—

"One away and say—

"Run away and say—</